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H. W. HOSSLER, President.
CYRUS M. STONER, Vice President.
WM. SELLER, Secretary.
LO RA L. LAMBORN, Treas. and Mgr.
CLAUDE E. MOORHOUSE, Editor.TELEPHONES Business Office No. 10, both phones.
Editorial rooms No. 221, both phones.

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Books Open to Advertisers

DENMAN'S OPINION.

In connection with the proposition to put a "sliding scale" tax on corporations into the Langdon tax commission bill, which the Republican legislature is bent on passing in preference to the Alsdorf tax commission bill, conforming to recommendations made by Governor Harmon in his message at the beginning of the session, we are told that "Attorney General Denman has been asked if the plan is constitutional."

What has the attorney general to do with the constitutionality of anything? That is a prerogative reserved to the court, which insists on appointing elevator attendants at the State house.

The attorney general's "opinion" amounts to nothing more than an opinion, if it does not meet with the approval of the aforesaid elevator attendants or the court which appoints them.

Pass the bill recommended by Governor Harmon, who is something of a constitutional lawyer himself, knows what the constitution is, believes in it and stands by it. Then, if the elevator attendants and their judges don't approve of it, the people can form their own opinion—of the judges and elevator attendants.

DEFENSE NEEDS DEFENSE.

When it was announced that President Taft would address the League of Republican Clubs at Washington, and that Attorney General Wickersham, at the same time, would deliver an address in Chicago, it was explained that both addresses were to be the beginning of an aggressive defense of the administration.

Taft's speech has been described as "vehement," and it is reported that he pounded the table with his fist when he said things about the insurgent Republican members of congress, which made his clackers shout "great," "bully for you," "now you're talking," "that's what we want to hear," etc.

Wickersham is reported at smiting the Republican insurgents, hip and thigh, accusing them of treason, and otherwise flaying "the President's detractors" in what is called "the most aggressive defense that has yet been uttered for the policies and administration of William H. Taft."

If this is the kind of "defense" the administration has to put up, it may be expedient soon for the President to send out still other speakers to defend his "defense."

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT

prior on the charge of defrauding an innkeeper.
The police claim to have informa-

NEWS OF COURTS

SUES FOR INJURIES.

The Berger Manufacturing company is the defendant in a personal damage suit filed Wednesday by James M. Lord who asks for \$5,000. He claims that while operating a machine for the manufacture of conductor pipe, February 11, 1909, he was badly hurt. Craine & Snyder are plaintiff's attorneys.

CONTRACTOR GETS VERDICT.

After a trial lasting several days the jury in the cast of Loehr against Deneer, tried before Judge Ambler, returned a verdict awarding the plaintiff \$172.13. The contention was over a contract for the erection of a house, Deneer in a cross-petition claiming as an offset to the contractor's bill damages through defective workmanship.

SUES TO SECURE CITY LOT.

B. Frank Pugh, through his attorneys, Craine & Snyder, has filed suit against Elmer E. Rhodes to get possession of city lot No. 3049 in Canton which he claims the defendant is wrongfully depriving him of.

PROBATE COURT.

Trusteeship of Elias Lilly, second account filed.
Guardianship of Florence Christman, final account filed.
Guardianship of Eliza Zupp, second account filed.
Guardianship of Lydia Sheets, fourteenth account filed.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

William C. Spring, dry goods merchant, 26, and Zerne M. Kingsbury, 23, Alliance.
Andy Bartho, 22, laborer, Susie Michalits, 18, Massillon.
Ferdinando Spada, 30, moulder, Oliva Todershrie, 26, Alliance.
Henry C. Denny, 39, salesman, Bertha W. Stilt, 30, Canton.

VISITS SCENE OF TRAGEDY
OF HER YOUNG DAYS

Washington, April 13.—Miss Jennie Gourlay of Milford, Pa., an actress of ante bellum days, who was in the cast of "Our American Cousin" on the night Lincoln was shot at Ford's theatre in this city, has made her first visit to Washington since the assassination.

Miss Gourlay played the part of "Mary Trenchard." Today she visited the old theatre building which was transformed years ago into offices for the record and pension division of the war department. She also visited the collection of Lincoln mementoes established by Capt. O. H. Oldroyd in the house on Tenth street across the street from the former theatre.

President Lincoln was removed to this house immediately after the shooting and he died there the following morning.

EDITOR KILLS DOCTOR;
POLITICAL ENEMIES

Morehouse, Mo., April 13.—C. B. Hay, editor of the Morehouse Hustler, shot and killed Dr. L. W. Hart, a prominent physician, and also mayor of Morehouse. Dr. Hart was a prominent man well known in southeastern Missouri.

About three years ago Editor Hay printed something offensive about Dr. Hart. Dr. Hart chased Hay for the offense and they have not been on speaking terms since.

On April 5 the town election for aldermen was held. There are two factions here, the citizens' ticket and the socialist ticket. Dr. Hart was active for the citizens' ticket and it was elected by a large majority.

A prominent socialist wrote a small item scoring the part that Dr. Hart had taken in the election and had Editor Hay print the same.

Today as Hart was coming out of a grocery on Beach street Hay met him and before anyone could interfere the shooting took place.

DEATHS IN CANTON

MISS KATIE HEINZ.

Miss Katie Heinz, aged 22 years, died at the home of her parents, East Lake street and Belden avenue, Wednesday afternoon from peritonitis. She is survived by her father and mother, Andrew and Katherine Heinz, three sisters and two brothers. The funeral will take place at 2 o'clock Friday afternoon in the German Lutheran church on East Tuscarawas street, the services being conducted by Rev. Stelhorn.

MRS. NETTIE SOBER.

Mrs. Nettie Sober, wife of Harry Sober of Canal Fulton died Wednesday morning of a complication of diseases at the age of thirty-four.

Mrs. Sober was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N. F. Miller of New Berlin. Besides her husband and three children, Nelson, Grace and an infant son, she is survived by her parents and the following brothers and sisters: Roy E. Miller, and Mrs. T. A. Weaver of Canton; Mrs. A. R. Wadsworth and Joseph Miller of New Berlin; Harold N. Miller of Mogador, and Mrs. Charles Holben of Hartsville. Funeral services will be held at the home at 10 o'clock Saturday morning and at the Presbyterian church in Canal Fulton at 10:30 o'clock. Burial at the Canal Fulton cemetery.

Kentucky Beauty Wants
Divorce

Cincinnati, April 13.—Suit for divorce was filed today by Jessie M. L. Hickenlooper against the multi-millionaire gas magnate, General Andrew Hickenlooper.

The petition says that the defendant's dereliction of his duties and ob-

A SHORT STORY

"HIAMOE'S LOVER."
BY WELLINGTON HOPE.

Ruku Te Hanga was a good fellow. From Wanganui to Pipiriki, Ruku stood as the symbol of good fellowship. His hearty laugh was stimulating, even as his great bulk was a mountain of merriment.

When Ruku returned to Wanganui after spending five years as an interpreter at the pakeha's parliament, he brought with him a pakeha bride, just here, or where Ruku married the lady or why she was content to follow her dusky lord into the wilderness, did not transpire. She was obviously an urban bloom.

The natives were condemned by this flax-haired piece of superciliousness whose life had been spent in the gilded halls of vice, and whose mental outlook was Judkins-like in its narrowness.

Sometimes Ruku did not see his pakeha bride for weeks. But there were compensations. Like the late Napoleon Bonaparte, Ruku was a man of many amours, which were extended over a wide area. These little affairs were often combined with business of a more serious nature and did not lessen the Maoris' respect for Ruku.

The sun beat pitilessly down. On the loose earth at the end of the railway formation, his boots filled with small stones and his mind with a great Scotch wrath, stood Ravenscraig, second assistant government engineer. Six feet below him the natives, white and brown, toiled listlessly, their minds dully following the hands of imaginary clocks until they indicated the hour of five p. m.

Ravenscraig's wrath was born of a combination of circumstances. Firstly, the heat, which commenced at nine a. m. and lasted until midnight, was an almost palpable foe. Eight weeks of it had worn Ravenscraig's nerves to a fine edge. Then there was Cullen, the first assistant, who, being a protégé of Farley's, toiled in a tent pitched in the cool bush. Ravenscraig could see the tent, and past its turned-back flaps, Cullen, in singlet and duck pants, taking his ease. It was maddening. And, lastly there was Farley. Farley was fifty and frivolous, and he hated Ravenscraig for his honesty and his Scotchness and something else. Ravenscraig believed that the chief lay awake half the sweltering night thinking of ways to harass his subordinate. It was Farley who had christened Ravenscraig "The Fool," but it was Cullen who had circulated the name up and down the formation works.

It was six weeks since he had spoken to Farley or Cullen, but that did not prevent the former from speaking to him. Farley was a past-master at this sort of thing. Only the thought of Hiamoe made it bearable for Ravenscraig. Perhaps he was unsophisticated, perhaps he was merely a fool; but Ravenscraig thought Hiamoe adorable. Certainly she was pretty, and just as certainly she was true to Ravenscraig.

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Farley, with a wife and family in Wellington, had no intention of marrying the Maori maid.

It was a two hours' ride through the bush to the kainga, where Hiamoe dwelt with her people. Twice a week Ravenscraig mounted his dilapidated piece of horse flesh, and accompanied by the unspoken scorn of Farley and Cullen, amble off to enjoy an hour with his love.

Tikirawa, Ravenscraig's prospective father-in-law, whose past villainy had helped to make history, was no enamored of the Caledonian.

For Farley, however, old Tiki had a hearty respect, and had it not been for certain things known only to himself and another, he would have handed his daughter over to the engineer. As it was, Farley spent all Sundays at Tikirawa's playing euchre, drinking walpipo and ogling the reluctant Hiamoe. Farley always left Ravenscraig in charge Sundays.

At five o'clock the navvies departed, and the roasted second sought shelter in his tent. He saw, lying on his stretcher, an envelope addressed to himself. It was in Hiamoe's handwriting. In breathless sentences the writer told of the great shame which had come to Hiamoe; of the \$500 which Tikirawa owed Ruku Te Hanga and which Ruku did not want repaid; of Ruku's intention of carrying Hiamoe off to a distant kainga, where he owned a house of which she was to become mistress, and of Tikirawa's complicity. Hiamoe wrote that Farley was cognizant of these things, and that he and Cullen were to present that night at Tikirawa's kainga, where Ruku was giving a feast in honor of the event.

Outside again one glance told Ravenscraig that the camp was deserted. Even Taare, the cook, had gone. It was but a few yards to the weather-board stables, and the emptiness thereof caused a mighty oath to spring to the Scotchman's lips.

Ravenscraig started to run. It was midnight when Tikirawa's came into view, and the meeting house in the center of the kainga was illuminated by a hundred candles. On the platform at the far end sat Ruku, with the drooping Hiamoe at his side. On either side of them were Farley and Cullen, with Tikirawa and the leading chiefs. The body of the house was packed. With exclamations of "Te Taipo," the people broke right and left, but Farley knew his man and stood up, the lust of battle in his eye. When cornered Farley was a game fighter. Ravenscraig's left sent the engineer down like a pitched steer; his right toppled Ruku backwards off the platform. Then twenty bucks fell on the Scot and bound him hand and foot. They carried him into an empty whare and hurried back to the feast. An hour later, when the revelry was at its height, a buggy drove up and a golden-haired woman alighted. Striding into the runanga, where the natives cowered in fear of the vision, she

returned to the camp, Cullen informed him that Farley had gone on three months' leave. It was then that the Caledonian started on the colossal jag which earned him the sack, as well as a month in Wanganui hospital.

Farley did not return. Before his leave expired he resigned and bolted to Westralia—with Mrs. Te Hanga. About two years later Ravenscraig met Hiamoe in Wellington. She was no longer Hiamoe the adorable.

In a dilapidated whare on the banks of the Wanganui lives a prematurely-aged drink-soaked Scotchman. He was once an engineer, and when the walpipo moves him he raves about the beauty and virtue of a certain Maori maiden. The natives fight shy of the weird creature, and call him the mad Scotchman.

NO INTENT TO END LIFE.

That he did not intend to commit suicide when he was rescued by his life last Wednesday evening was the statement of C. W. Eberling of Denison, O. When he returned home that night he was cold and turned on the gas. Afterwards he tried to shut it off, but turned the lever too far. His wife, coming home later found the gas escaping and her husband in a serious condition.

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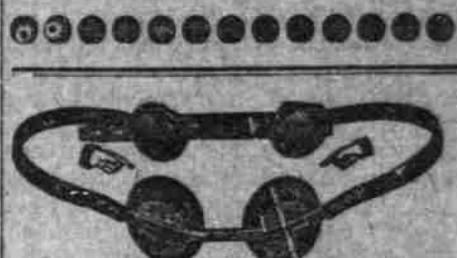
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